Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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WOOD HYMN.

Woods that seem never never leave!
The summer breezes hang silent as a cloud,
And o'er the pools, all still and motionless,
The wild wood flourish with own sweet bough!
And sometimes, at a distance, the dull sound
Dropping the cricket's bloom.

The very light, that streams
Through the dark roof, is changed to solemn gloom,
Comes trembles with emerald-tinted gleams,
And it knew the place were holy sound;
And would not disturb, with too bright a burst,
Flowers, of delicately tinted.

When there some quiet spirit lives!
A soft wind fraught with flowers must come rushing by,
And leaves and waves, in its wild course,
Shed forth sweet voice—such a supreme!
Surely some calm and innocent soul must dwell
These depths of trembling shade!

Yes, lightly, softly move!
There is a Power, unseen, in the woods!
A careless thing: that with Life and Love
Walks in the wilderness!
The rich air knows it, and the mighty sea—
Then, Thou art here, my God!

Thou art where we tread
This Minster floor, beneath the storied pane,
And 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead;
Thou art where we kneel, and where we rise from,
Where thine alone lest built!—where souls and God
Are of the living word!

The shimmer of the sword
In the loon places, breathe alike of Thee!
The Temple-depths of the gloom profound,
The dim and pillared nave!
The roof by every wandering whisper thrilled—
All, all with Thee are filled!

Oh! purify mine eyes,
Mine soul you more, by Love and holy thought,
Thy Presence, and Thy Spirit to recognise,
In these majestic aisles which thou hast wrought!
And bathe their sou-like sentiment, teach mine ear
Aright to hear!

And sanctify my heart
To meet the awful sweetness of that time,
When as the Lord, in Zion's glowing mount,
But a deep joy the heavenly Guest to own;
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers
Ere Sin had darkened the fair hours.

Let me not know the change
Our Nature's bowers by Guilt!—the boding sky,
The hollow leaf—the voiceless and mute grove,
The weight wherewith the dark tree shadows lie!
Father! let me not know
To walk the woods with Thee!

FEIGNED AND REAL ATTACHMENT.

The story of the Heiress, which afforded us some general remarks on character and feeling last week, affords a beautiful illustration of the difference between the sentiments we have designated above. "Lord C——, Lord So, so still exposed, contrasts most strikingly with that of the lady for another, and that by which it was requited.

At first I had not thought Trevor beautiful—This I remember distinctly; yet I will not now believe it of, so soon as I had marked the mystic intelligence between the outward aspect and the inward heart, by which the soul seems to speak on the face of so angel. His soft dark hair flowed around a forehead of such pure whiteness where mental power and moral grandeur sat fully throned. His eyes were deep, at times, shrouding him in such a blaze of intense or golden splendour, that he seemed a heaven-sent seraph descended to earth. At times, too, a mood sorrowful or paining thought blended with the glad brightness of his face, and then he would seemed brighter than before, human faces wore happier when suffering, though not unmanned by my widening tenderness. I sought out deep poesy, and learnt her sweet low hymns, and chanted them to my own heart's delight. I held high communion with the mighty of old, the men of renown, and I felt myself a worthy the interpreter of passion! The world-reverences had not yet taught me to worship at the shrine of transient shodes of happiness, and I resigned myself to the current of events, which I hoped would drift me towards it. I knew not yet the gulf that yawned between. There was not, perhaps, one of my companions who would not have regarded as a debasement my alliance with a poor orphan, and a Trevor, as I was a poor so far tainted with their false notions, as to interpret his slowness in seeking my intimacy into the timidity of a bashful boy. Even when, as I caught his eye fixed steadily upon me, I translated its stirring or reproving calculations into the language of admiration, to which I was so much better accustomed. I had not yet learned to trust love's perfect humbleness. I knew not that Trevor's involuntary respect was a virtue of more account than an estate in a wife's dower; or that he would never think of finding his friend in a child, a dependant, a thing of any of him, I appeared to be—as, but for my love of him, I would have been. But I was soon to pierce the passion's "pain and power," the wasting restlessness of heart, and the fever of over-excitement and "impatient-heartedness" as I marked the many occasions of seeking my society, which he let pass unheeded. I gazed on him as I carried resemblance, where I in vain watched for his face, and listened for his voice, when both failed me soon, and when he greeted me with his placid and grave courtesy, I felt the quadrable of Lethe heaven steal over me, as I contrasted his mild indifference with the passionate ardour of my own "deep silent heart." Sometimes I fancied that he was "apt too high in heavenly contemplation to think of earthly love." At such moments too, glowing as it was, yet so holy, so exalted did my pure affection seem, that I was always holy! And does not true insight into the life of things consist in that power to see transcendent intellects are ever twinkers with the warmest hearts, that tenderness and passion are seldom or never divided? When I witnessed Trevor's fervent piety, and heard his touching eloquence, I felt that they both sprung from the pure depths of an affectionate heart; I knew that he would love fondly, fully, though not deeply; but I feared, alas, alas! that I could never be the blessed object of his love. I had found the only human being who could forth the latent energies and affections of my soul, but it is ever asserted, I had not found him. My love knew the firm and steady character on which my heart was to repose, and I knew that my love was so fondly for support, but I had not sympathy with mine. I was a child to him, and I was a child myself. I fain have "set up its everlast ng rest," but it rejected me. Something of a devotion would have told me that I could be know of my devotion at attachment; he would not fail to yield a rich return. But I was not even a eye-lord who have gained his love, at the risk of revealing my own. I was a creature that would not have rejected his regard if it sprung from such a source.

Trevor was not proud, nor yet pretentious, and in question; it is the very soul and pulse of a woman's being. I was conscious of the centure of a woman's being. I was conscious of but my heart was not to betray my thoughts, and I was terrified lest any one should detect my secret. Lord E—— alone suspected it. He jealous eyes were for ever riveted upon my countenance, and for some cruel bright my wandering, vacant eye and changing cheek. His shrewd mind had read my heart, and with a refinement of temperament that lurked beneath my sportive manners, and he had viewed me very complacently at my fondness and affections upon one of Nature's noblemen—a prodigality which he was determined, is possible, to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high character of Trevor, but he had recourse to the sneers and "pretty hands which calumny does use," in hopes of depreciating him in my estimation. When he saw with what indifference scorn I smiled upon such attempts, he artfully insinuated that my partiality was known, and believed to be gently discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time professed his own disbelief of any thing so preposterous, and, at the same time, so unlikely. He was entirely false, and I thought it so, but the latter assertion of Lord E—— unhappily caused me to trust Trevor with a laughing allusion to Lord E——'s remarks, and to solicit his assistance. Those, however, were only artful feelings that prevailed when I was in solitude, and in the hours of prayer, I felt myself humbled when I was in solitude, and in the hours of prayer, I felt myself humbled when I was in solitude, and in the hours of prayer, I felt myself humbled

more astonishing than this, for his principle was a power derived from an article requiring so little bulk that a quart of the liquid would produce sufficient for the impulsion of a ship or carriage over fifty miles. The subtlety of this article, however, is said to be such that it cannot be confined within any known metal, and therefore, the discovery is without any beneficial result. There is no objection of this kind to the discovery above named.—*Lond. Court Jour.*

Love and Law.—A short time ago, the accepted lover of a beautiful Swiss *paysanne*, in a fit of jealousy, rushed into her apartment, armed with a pair of loaded pistols, with one of which he inflicted a slight wound on his mistress, and with the other, blew out his own brains. The lady fainted from fright and loss of blood but speedily recovered, to witness the fatal effects of her lover's remorse, and *to bring an action against his parents for the damage she had received at his hands.*—*French paper.*

Durham—*Singular Good Fortune.*—William Hepplewhite, an apprentice on board the Indian, belonging to Shields, last year purchased an old clothes chest for 3s., which, on being examined by the Custom-house officers in Cork, where the vessel is now delivering a cargo, was discovered to have a false bottom, under which were found upwards of £1,000.

Bucks.—*A hint for Brides.*—A few days since a couple went to Thames church to be married. The ceremony went on as usual very well until it came to the words "with this ring I thee wed," when the bride, essaying to take her glove off her maiden hand for the last time, could not effect it. Whether it was agitation or heat, nervousness or perspiration, the leather clung to her hand as man and wife ought to do, and would not part company. The Bride blushed and pulled, but in vain. The bridegroom (bold man) laughed outright; so did the father—so did the mother—so did the bride's maids—so did all the spectators except the clergyman, and he (the Rev. Mr. Lee) exclaimed, "I do not come here to be laughed at," and, shutting his book, left the ceremony half finished, the bride half married, and the glove—half off. We add, for the satisfaction of the sympathisers, that the bride went to church that day with her hand uncovered, and the nuptial knot was then tied "tight as a glove."

S. E. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, October 12.

A case of assault and battery, arising out of an unsuccessful demand for wages, due from one to the other of the individuals concerned, came before the Mayor on Saturday. One of the men, in the conflict, stabbed the other in the breast with a glazier's knife. The wound is not dangerous: the offender has been bound over.

Lehigh Coal Trade.—Despatched from Mauch Chunk, for the week ending 10th month 4th:

95 Boats, carrying	4,005 tons
2013 Boats, (last report)	89,686 tons
2108 Boats, Total,	93,691 tons

Schuylkill Coal Trade.—During the past week 113 boats, carrying 4,887 tons of coal, have been despatched from Pottsville and Schuylkill Haven, and 28 boats and 1,149 tons from the Little Schuylkill, making 141 boats and 6046 tons. Former report, 4,585 boats and 192,315 tons. Total this season, up to Oct. 3d, 4,726 boats, carrying 198,355 tons of coal.

The never-tiring *Mazeppa* was performed on Saturday evening, at the Arch Street Theatre, before a numerous and highly respectable audience. This is one of the most sublime and exciting pieces ever produced in America. The scenery is magnificent, and the events of the drama are of the most striking kind. The binding of Mazeppa to the untamed steed—the wild and fearful flight of the animal, over mountains and precipices, through rivers and forests;—the fierce chase of wolves after the horse and rider; the crossing of torrents and the final release, all constitute a picture of stern, and engrossing interest. We have never witnessed any stage effect, equal to that in Mazeppa. There is no fiction about the man and horse;—the rider is tied to the charger, and he rushes like a whirlwind among the mountains and forest paths. The whole plot and conduct of the piece may be pronounced unequalled in power and interest.

DOYLESTOWN.

A correspondent begs leave to observe, that during a short excursion into the country, he spent a few days at Doylestown, in Buck's County, Pennsylvania a village delightfully situated on a commanding eminence, where the air is pure and salubrious, and every thing is of the most inviting kind. Society is refined, social and literary; and a most commendable spirit of enterprise and improvement, was observable all over the village. There was in progress, a handsome Banking-House, and nearly twenty very neat dwelling-houses and other buildings. In passing up Court st. soon after I entered the town, I observed (nearly opposite the Court House,) a conspicuous sign, with the following inscription,

Citizens TEMPERANCE Hotel,
by Joseph Barrow.

This house having a neat external appearance, I walked in, and found the interior to correspond with the exterior. Wishing to show my approbation, and encourage temperance Inns, for the accommodation of travellers, I put up there. It being Court week, the house was nearly full of company, yet it was as quiet as a private dwelling. Query.—if temperate travellers on entering a city or town, or village, should enquire for, and make it a point of duty, to put up at, and thereby encourage and recommend Temperance Houses of entertainment, would not these houses find greater encouragement, and the number be multiplied to the entire accommodation of a growing and temperate population?

Doylestown is becoming one of our handsomest inland villages, and a very desirable situation for gentlemen of fortune, who are seeking retirement from the busy scenes of a city life.—*Philada. Gaz.*

Boston, the capital of the land of *steady* habits, is becoming unruly. Two ladies, returning from Roxbury, early on Wednesday evening last, were attacked by a villain, who seized one of them round the waist, and attempted to wrest an indispensable from her. The string was very strong and being wound round the arm, the attempt was defeated, and the scoundrel fled on the approach of a person who was attracted by the cries of the ladies. On the next evening about nine o'clock, two females from the country were assaulted in Green street, by a ruffian who endeavored to rob them of some bundles they were carrying to their places of residence. They cried out lustily for help and the rascal fled. He was pursued but not overtaken.

Mr. Dunn, the Irishman who was knocked recently by a Mr. Hunt, at Hingham, Mass. died on Thursday week, at 3 o'clock, in dreadful agony. Thirteen wounds were discovered, on an examination of his body. Hunt was sent on the same day to Plymouth, where he awaits his trial in December next. He was from Middlebury, Vt.; and has a wife and three children.

Cholera.—It is said that every case of cholera at Zacatlan in Mexico was cured by using the root of a plant called by the natives *Cochipeul Savanga*, or with us *wild poppy*, *amapa a sylvestre*. The juice is extracted and it is taken internally. It is a singular fact that the herb is *phosphoric*, and to test it by placing it in a glass of water in a dark room, it shortly emits a brilliant light. Our physicians should lose no time in sending for the plant, which is common, and endeavour to raise it here, or preserve it. There is no doubt that a specific is yet to be found for this dreadful disease, and no opportunity should be lost.

The Colonization Society.—From the September number of the African Repository, we learn that the receipts of this Institution, from August 10th to August 31st, this year, had been $1,308,75, including $1,937,37 transmitted from England by Elliot Cresson, Esq. the voluntary agent of the Society abroad. The subscribers on the plan of Gerrit Smith, Esq.—giving $100 a year for ten years—are now fifty-one in number. Numerous Auxiliary Societies have been formed during the last six months, in every section of the country.

Mail Robbery Detected.—In consequence of sundry losses of money transmitted through the post office in this quarter, Mr. Mitchell, post master at Portland, was deputed by the Department to come on and investigate the affair, and if possible detect the rogues. He arrived here on Friday week, and proceeded on the eastern route as far as Lubec, but without effecting his object. On returning, in pursuance of the plan he had adopted, a *decoy* letter containing money, was placed in the office at Lubec and its safe transmission ascertained immediately after passing each post office on the line, by Mr. Mitchell and the driver; after passing the Sullivan post office, the stage was stopped, the mail opened, and the package in question found to be missing. Mr. Mitchell immediately returned to the office, and accused the post master, John P. Langdon, of having purloined the letter. He confessed the fact, and proceeded with Mr. M. to a haymow, from which he drew forth the letter and contents. Langdon was taken to Ellsworth, examined before a Justice, and bound over to take his trial at the U. S. Circuit Court now sitting at Wiscasset.

Mr. Mitchell then, with all haste, returned to the place, where he arrived on Friday night, and at 3 o'clock on Saturday morning started in company with Mr. Packard, mail contractor, in a chaise, a little in advance of the mail. The same plan of operation was pursued by Mr. Mitchell as on the lower route; nothing, however, was found amiss until they had passed Camden, when, on an examination of the mail, the decoy letter was found missing. The assistant and acting post master, Wm. Merriam, was immediately apprehended, examined, and sent to Wiscasset to take his trial.—*Belfast (Me.) Ad.*

A good deal has been said in the newspapers of a discovery made in England of burning water as fuel in generating steam; and now a correspondent of the Washington Globe claims it as a Yankee invention. He says that M. Samuel Morey of N. H., took out a patent for the invention in the year 1817. Any one might have known before this annunciation of the Globe, that it was a Yankee affair altogether. It takes one of the 'cutest of all Yankees not to be *cute* enough for this invention. It is a standing maxim down east, when a fellow is a little lacking in the upper works—a little under loaded or so—"*That chap will never have wit enough to set the river afire.*"

The Mails.—The Journal of Commerce concludes an excellent article on the irregularity of the mails as follows: "Until the people rise in their majesty and demand reform, the Post Office Department will continue to be, (as it has been, ever since Mr. Barry came into office,) in a state of wretched disorganization and confusion."

LIST OF INSOLVENTS,

Applying for the benefit of the several acts of Insolvency, of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, who will be heard at the Court House, on Wednesday next, Oct. 16th.

James Mason, No. 248 south Seventh street, laborer.
Edmund Crump, Tenth st. between Morgan and Sergeant st. cordwainer.
William Jones, Mechanic st. N. Liberties, cordwainer.
John Egan, No. 30 Castle st. city of Philad. laborer.
William R. Carbery, Apple st. 4th door above Poplar Lane, cordwainer.
Geo. Lafetra, Kensington, cordwainer.
James George, Kensington, laborer.
Charles F. Ely, No. 38 Chester st. accountant.
James Shaw, 2d st. above Beaver, house carpenter.
Henry Riter, county of Philad. laborer.
Augustus W. Eaton, county of Philad. accountant.
David Lewis, Penn Township, farmer.
Eli Davis, 13th below Vine st. hair dresser.
Cornelius McDonough, Filbert st. near Sch. 5th, stone mason.
Andrew B. Rudolph, Sch. 8th above Vine, house carpenter.
Ebenezer Cleak, Cherry alley below Juniper, laborer.
Kenneth Dye, N. E. corner 7th and George streets, oysterman.
William Carnes, No. 216 south 6th st. laborer.
John Stine, corner Walnut and Sch. 2d streets, brick maker.
Robert Dill, Saint Mary street, laborer.
Benjamin Harris, Raspberry alley below Locust street, laborer.
William Redifer, Penn Township, laborer.
William Waters, No. 10 Boyd Avenue, cordwainer.
Henry Hendrickson, No. 21 Swanson street, coachman.
Allen Culbertson, Marble court, drayman.
Horatio Harback, Market st. above 13th, innkeeper.
Abijah Yates, Sixth street, above Race, tobacconist.
John Leach, No. 45 Budd st. N. Liberties, laborer.
John G. Weatherstine, Eighth street, above Callowhill, Penn Township, victualler.
James Sharp, Fourth street, between 3d and 4th, county of Philadelphia, dealer.
Dennis Watson, Sch. 3d street, near Walnut, laborer.
William Lloyd, Market st. above Sch. 2d, stone mason.
George Stinger, Tenth st. above Race, bricklayer.
Thomas Johnston, Pine st. near Sch. Front, late carter.
Joseph Halliwell, Market street, near Schuylkill 7th, late innkeeper.
Charles F. Gross, Minor st. above 5th, accountant.
John Davis, Carpenter street, below 6th, Southwark, house carpenter.
Thomas Brown, Vine street, between Schuylkill 8th and Broad streets, waterman.
Aaron Davis, corner Wood st. and Schuylkill, laborer.
Thomas Miller, Back of No. 25 north 6th st. carpenter.
Henry Pierce, Wood street, above 10th, Penn Township, bricklayer.
Thomas Crawford, Penn Township, laborer.
John O. Sterns, corner Chesnut and Water streets, rail road contractor.
Charles Stokes, No. 56 St. Tammany street, tanner.
John D. Sickels, Kensington, house carpenter.
Samuel Fowler, Kensington, tobacconist.
Isaac Marple, Roxborough, county of Philadelphia, innkeeper.
Lewis Maroughy, Vine near 8th street, cordwainer.
George Snyder, city of Philad. painter and glazier.
Christian F. Hulm, Beach street Kensington, baker.
Elias Strives, Bristol township, county of Philadelphia, gentleman.
Henry Welch, No. 8 Harmony court, cordwainer.

Epitome of the Times.

The Coroner was called on Monday afternoon, to view the body of a colored man, found floating in the Delaware, opposite South street. From appearances, the body had been in the water several days. Verdict—accidental drowning.

We learn that the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, has accepted the unanimous call of the vestry of the church of the Epiphany, to become their Rector. The church is to be located on the lot at the corner of Schuylkill Eighth and Chesnut street.

A counterfeit $10 bill on the Bank of the United States, was passed on Mr. Isaacson, hatter, in Second street, below Chesnut, on Saturday night. The note is tolerably well executed.

The average majority on the Independent Democratic city Assembly ticket, is 156; on the Select Council ticket 138; on the Common Council ticket 126.

The Hon. Henry Clay arrived in Baltimore on Tuesday, and put up at Barnum's City Hotel, where he will remain until Friday. On that day he will continue his tour to the eastward, stopping in this city.

The Italian Company will, it is expected, make their debut in the new Opera House, New York, on the 8th November.

Mr. Evans, a National Republican, has been elected to Congress, from Kennebec district, Me. His majority over the Jackson candidate, was 557.

A stage accident of a shocking character occurred on Monday last, on the route between Augusta and Portland, Me. The stage contained thirteen passengers, one of whom, Mr. Brett, has since deceased from the wounds received by the upset, and several others are lying in a dangerous situation.

Beautiful Idea.—A dumb pupil in Paris being asked "what is Eternity?" replied "The Life time of the Almighty."

A meeting is about to be held in Washington, Pa. for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning the Legislature, during the ensuing session for an act of incorporation for a bank, to be called the Farmers and Mechanics Bank of Washington County.

The brig Gleaner, at New York, from Maracaibo, reports that a American brig, said to belong to Calais Me. has been lost on the South American coast, and all hands murdered except two, who remain in the hands of the Indians.

American System.—During the month of August last, a young lady of Schenectady, N. Y. was delivered *of five children at one birth!!* The mother and children are all alive, healthy, and likely to live. A thousand dollars were raised in the city and given to the mother as a premium. The young lady has been since married to the father of the infants.

The engineer of the John Bull steamer, on her passage from York to Hamilton, (Canada) recently attempted to blow her up; he turned the water from the boilers and then jumped overboard—the danger was discovered in season to save the vessel and the lives of the passengers. The engineer was supposed to be deranged—he was picked up and sent to gaol.

The citizens of North Carolina have very decidedly voted, as far as returns have been received, for amending the present Constitution of the State—17,763 votes for, and 728 against amendment.

At Petersburg, Va. $120,000 was subscribed in a few hours for the purpose of establishing cotton and other manufactories [illegible]

Mr. E. Forrest is performing in the Louisville City Theatre.

Shocking Occurrence.—On Saturday morning last, as Mr. Lewis Gifford, of Dartmouth, was riding in a chaise with his wife, about a mile from Smith's Mills, the horse took fright, and Mr. Gifford, to stop him, sheered up against the wall, when the chaise was over-turned and Mrs. Gifford thrown out and was so much injured that she almost instantly expired.—*New Bedford Gazette.*

The store of Mr. Armstrong, in Lycoming county, Pa. was entered on Sunday night last, and robbed of property to the amount of $1,500. The robbers, it is said, had their faces and hands blacked, to avoid detection. They secured Mr. A. by tying him, and then proceeded to rifle the store. Suspicion rests on several individuals who reside in the neighborhood.

A colored man named Henry Hill, died at Chillicothe, not long since, at the age of 80 years. He served faithfully in the Revolutionary war, and was a participant in the battles of Lexington, Brandywine, Monmouth, Princeton, and Yorktown. He was interred with the honors of war.

An Error of the Press.—The Washington Telegraph publishes an erratum, for an article respecting the editor of the Richmond Enquirer. For "he dances like a bear," read "he dresses like a beau." There is certainly a difference betwixt the two.

The country on the banks of the Niger (Africa) is found to be highly fertile, and capable of being made to produce all kinds of tropical fruits.

The ship St. Louis, is announced in the Natchez papers as "having all her cargo engaged," and about to sail for Liverpool. The St. Louis had lately arrived from New Orleans.

The Foreman of a Grand Jury at Quebec, after an absence of a few minutes, returned into Court with a long face, declaring that he could neither read or write.

A young Chief.—A grandson of the celebrated Red Jacket, two years old, has been elected by the Chief Warriors of the Six Nations of Indians, Chief, and a Regent appointed to act for him during his minority.

Mr. Stephenson the celebrated engineer, is now in Paris, making arrangements for constructing a Railway between Calais and the French capital.

Letters from Genoa, (Italy,) state that 900 persons are in prison in that city, charged with political offences, and at Turin scarcely a day passes without several executions.

The tavern house belonging to Mr. James Stoddart, on the National Road, 27 miles from Cumberland, Md. was entirely destroyed by fire, on Friday evening.

The Woodstock (Vt.) Courier states, that Mr. Calvin Edson, so well known as the living skeleton, died at his residence, in Randolph, a few days since. His body was placed in the tomb, from which it was taken the next night. It is rumoured that some young men belonging to the Medical class at Hanover, are suspected, and that two of them have been arrested.

A chevalier d' industrie,—said to be from this city—played a 'cute trick on a Boston merchant one day last week. He bought sundry articles, had them sent home,—and paid the bearer with one of Evan's patent checks, without a true date or signature!

The Knickerbocker, for October, is one of the very best numbers of that periodical yet issued. The new editor, Mr Flint, has addressed himself to his task with vigor and spirit. The contents of his work show how much of the matter proceeds from his own tireless pen. We have marked for future extracts, some articles of extraordinary interest.

The whole Democratic ticket is elected in Chester [illegible]

Reported for the New York Daily Advertiser.

SUPERIOR COURT.

John Wurts vs. James H. Clarke. } Before Judge Hoffman.

This was an action on contract, founded upon an agreement between the plaintiff and the defendant, in relation to the purchase and sale of one hundred shares of Stock of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company.

The plaintiff, who was and is President of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, agreed with and instructed Levi Coit, Broker in Wall street, that if any person would purchase one or two hundred shares of the stock of said company, and hold them for one or two years, that he should not sustain any loss; that he should be guaranteed at the rate of seven per cent per annum for interest, and against ultimate loss; and that whatever advance should take place between the time of purchase and the time of sale, that one half of that advance on the stock, when sold, should accrue to the plaintiff, and the other moiety to the defendant. This agreement with, and instruction to Coit took place in the latter part of April 1832, when the stock was between 70 and 80 per cent; and Coit, as agent, commenced taking the necessary measures to effect the object the plaintiff had in view.

In May, 1832, Coit commenced the operation, and after an arrangement with the defendant on the subject, on the 18th May, 1832, purchased for him on the conditions presented 20 shares of the stock at 78½ per cent; on the 19th, 10 shares at 75; and on the 29th, 70 shares at 80 per cent—making together 100 shares, at an aggregate cost of $7979 09, for which he (Coit) received a commission of ¼ per cent. This stock was transferred to the defendant, who purchased it to hold only one year, who paid the money for it; and who agreeing to the terms and conditions of its sale, was to receive the guarantee, to receive the interest, and one half of the advance, and return the other one half to the plaintiff at the time of sale. To perfect the sale and to inspire confidence in the transaction in the purchaser, Wurts, Musgrave & Wurts of Philadelphia, a highly respectable house, who, after enquiry, were found amply responsible, agreed to guarantee the conditions of the sale, (which was entirely satisfactory to the defendant) and they ultimately did so guarantee, and placed the article in the hands of Coit, the agent, signed and executed on their part in order to have it executed also by the defendant, but who never perfected the article by his signature. The plaintiff having occasion to visit the mine, wrote to the agent Coit to have the terms and conditions of the contract fulfilled and reduced to writing; and being compelled also afterwards to visit Rondout, where his brother was ill, endeavored, notwithstanding, to impress upon the mind of the agent, Coit, the importance of the execution of the instrument with Clark. And as the latter had purchased expressly on the terms prescribed by the plaintiff in consequence of the proffer of the guarantee, (which he had before refused to do without it) and as he was to receive this for the interest and half of the anticipated profits on the rise of the stock, it was considered by the plaintiff as a matter of right that the contract as made should be reduced to writing, for the benefit of both the parties to it. The letter of the plaintiff was exhibited or read to the defendant, to which he made no objection. In the month of July, the plaintiff returned to New York, and wished to have the contract consummated by a signature of the instrument by Clarke, and to have an interchange of the mutual agreements. On this point the plaintiff was somewhat solicitous, and communicated his wishes on the subject to Coit on repeated occasions; who replied that he would answer for the defendant, as he knew his honor and his regard for his word. In this state matters remained, when the cholera commenced its ravages. Stock had fallen to a considerable extent, without the signing of the contract by the defendant, as was then apparently his interest; and the disease having reached and ravaged the family of the defendant, he was not in the interim called upon or importuned by Coit on the subject, though the latter frequently saw him pass, without however on account of a knowledge of his domestic afflictions, calling his attention to the subject. At an ulterior date, the plaintiff and defendant met in the office of Coit, who introduced them to each other, and a friendly conversation ensued, without the evincement on the part of the defendant of any disposition to fulfil the contract. The guarantee was however put into his hands, which he retained several days for his own advisement, and finally returned it to Coit without affixing his signature thereto, declaring his disinclination to execute the same. In the meantime the stock rose rapidly in the market, and transcending its par value, ranged from 125 and 126 to 130; and was ultimately sold, by an agent of Clark, in the month of December, 1832, about 8 months after its purchase, for 126 per cent, a clear profit being realized in the purchase by Clarke of about 47 per cent, independent of the interest accruing thereon. For the recovery of one half of this advance, which was refused to be paid by the defendant, suit was brought on the contract. The contract being abundantly proved, though not executed by the defendant, was considered valid in law, and under the charge of the Court to this effect, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff of $2438 86 damages, with 6 cents costs.

Counsel for the plaintiff S. Staples and G. C. Goddard; for the defendant A. Dey, J. P. Hall and Bonney.

Outrage.—We find the subjoined in the Georgetown (Del.) Luminary, of the 4th inst: "The following particulars of a most villainous outrage, committed upon a lone woman, without any known cause, is handed us for publication, in the hopes that the inhuman monster, who succeeded in making his escape, may yet be detected. A negro man, on Friday night, the 27th ult. went to the house of Mr. Moses O'Day, near Cannon Ferry, Del. and finding Mr. O'Day was not at home, he kicked Mrs. O'Day out of the house, and beat her so that it is thought she will not recover. He was not known. He had on blue cloth or sattinett pantaloons, a white hat with a large scarf on it, was tolerably tall, and not very dark, had a scar on his upper lip."

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, Oct. 7.

EIGHT DAYS LATTER FROM EUROPE.

Our News Schooner is just up from the packet ship New York, Captain Hoxie, bringing us London papers to Sept. 3rd, and Liverpool to the 4th, both inclusive.

The reported death of the King of Spain is not confirmed. He was alive on the 21st, and his death not immediately expected.

The British government have acknowledged Donna Maria. On this event becoming known at Paris, the Miguelite scrip fell from 61 to 45.

A dreadful shipwreck occurred on the 31st August, within half a mile of the port of Boulogne. A vessel said to be the Amphitrite, bound for Botany Bay, with 120 female passengers on board was cast away, making with the crew 151, *all of whom except three were drowned!*

Parliament was prorogued on the 29th August. The following is

THE KING'S SPEECH.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

"In opening the present Parliament, I stated, that never at any time had subjects of greater interest and magnitude called for your attention. The manner in which you have discharged the duties thus committed to you now demands my warmest regard, and enables me to close a session, not more remarkable for its extended duration than for the patience and persevering industry which you have employed in many laborious inquiries, and in perfecting the various legislative measures which have been brought under your consideration.

"I have also directed commissions to be issued for investigating the state of the municipal corporations throughout the united Kingdom. The result of their inquiries will enable you to mature those measures which may seem best fitted to place the internal government of corporate cities and towns on a solid foundation, in respect of their finances, their government, and their police. In the meantime, two important acts have been passed for giving constitutions, upon sound principles, to the royal and parliamentary burghs of Scotland. Your attention will be hereafter called to the expediency of extending similar advantages to the unincorporated towns in England, which have now acquired the right of returning members to Parliament.

It is with the greatest pain that I felt myself compelled to call upon you for additional powers to control and punish the disturbers of the public peace in Ireland. This call was answered, as I confidently anticipated, by your loyalty and firmness. I have not found it necessary, except in a very limited degree, to use the powers thus confided to me: and I have now the satisfaction of informing you, that the spirit of insubordination and violence which had prevailed to so alarming an extent, has been, in a great measure, subdued. I look forward with anxiety to the time when the painful necessity of continuing this measure of great but unavoidable severity shall cease; and I have given my assent, with unqualified satisfaction, to the various salutary and remedial measures which, during the present session, have been proposed to me for my acceptance.

The act which, in pursuance of my recommendation, you passed, with respect to the temporalities of that branch of the United Church which is established in Ireland, and for the immediate and total abolition of vestry assessments, and the act for the better regulation of juries, both as to their civil and criminal functions afford the best proof, that full reliance may be placed on the Parliament of the United Kingdom, for the introduction of such beneficial improvements as may ensure the welfare of all classes of my subjects, and thus effectually cement that legislative union which, with your support, it is my determination to maintain inviolate.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I thank you for the supplies which you have granted for the service of the year. The estimates proposed to you by my direction were considerably lower than those of the former sessions, and you have wisely applied the savings which have thus been effected, to the diminution of the public burdens. In this course of judicious economy, combined with a due regard to the exigencies of the state, I am persuaded that you will persevere, and thus confirm the title which you have acquired to general confidence, as the faithful guardians of the honour of the Crown and the true interests of the people.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

In returning to your respective homes, you will carry with you the gratifying reflection, that your labours have been sedulously employed for the benefit of your fellow subjects.

During the recess, your attention will be equally directed to the same important object. And in this useful and honorable discharge both of your public and private duties, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I confidently rely for the encouragement and support of my people in that love of liberty and order, in that spirit of industry and obedience to the law, and that moral worth which constitute the safety and happiness of nations."

As soon as his Majesty had concluded his speech, the Lord Chancellor, kneeling, received the King's commands respecting the prorogation.

The Lord Chancellor then said, it is Majesty's royal will and pleasure that this present Parliament be [illegible]

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, October 12, 1833.

REMOVAL.

The Printing and publication office of this paper is now removed to No. 34 Carter's Alley, 3d door below 3d Street.

***All advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied by a remittance, or a reference in this city for payment.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The lines to Miss S. N. J. Y. Zeis:—Strong, on a visit to a friend's grave, are fashionable.

The "Shortest Day," by Ruth, is on file. The verses headed "The Seasons," by the same writer, are exceptionable.

The lines by "B's" are too imperfect for publication.

Boston's dramatic criticisms are very just, but they are too long for our columns. We consider perfectly with his opinions of Mr. Sparks, of the Boston Theatre. That individual is certainly the most infamous manager that ever trod the boards. His private vices, which, but for his indolence, might be made aggreeable, is presumed to escape him in melancholy contrast, and he is rendered as much a nuisance as possible, he ends every sentence with the falling inflection. He should remedy his foolish defects, or refrain from inflicting himself upon the public audience. We mention this gentleman incidentally, and with no feeling but kindness for himself, and the playgoers who have suffered so much from the harsh and coarse throat.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Oct. 5.—Receipts for the week. — *Oct 5.—Received from*

C. Morris,	$2 00	Thomas M'Geire,	2 00
Gardner Griffin,	2 00	J. Hall, Esq.	2 00
Franklin Rice,	1 00	J. P. King, Esq.	2 00
Rasil. Shelton, Esq.	2 00	Thomas Sparks,	2 00
James Neeley, Esq.	2 50	*October 9.*	
Dan. Gray,	2 00	J. P. King, Esq.	2 00
October 5.		S. J. M. Campbell,	1 00
Thomas Reynolds,	5 00	Chas. J. Ingersoll,	5 00
J. Hart, Esq.	10 00	Ross J. Wray, Esq.	2 00
Allen Thomas, Esq.	2 00	Capt. Lesd Neal,	2 00
Thomas Hale, Esq.	2 00	W. F. Biddle, Esq. P.M. for	
E. B.	2 00	Bristol,	2 00
Moss Kent,	2 50	James Bullock,	2 00
S. Williams, jr.	2 00	Joseph Ellis, Esq.	2 00
Halland J. Manning,	2 00	William M'Ilvain,	2 50
James Carpenter,	2 00	Riddick Hoover,	2 00
Charles Wilson,	2 00	*October 12.*	
Elisha Lockfield, Esq.	1 00	Daniel B. Garthwaite,	2 00
Wm. Power, Esq.	2 00	David Bacon,	2 00
Wm. L. Hodge,	2 00	W. A. Remington, esq.	2 00
Pratt Adams, Esq.	2 00	Wm. Hemphill, Esq.	2 00
		Geor Terry, Esq.	1 00
		N. Edmeston, Esq.	2 00

The following letter, which we give *verbatim et literatim*, was received by us a few days ago. The reader will please note the "glorious uncertainty" that lingers about the place and person, respecting which the non-subscriber desires to enlighten us. We addressed a note on the subject to the Post Office Department, as it appears, and have received for answer, that Mr. Barry and his official assistants possess no more wisdom in the matter than we do. If, therefore, this notice does not meet the eye of the lady in question, the Post will probably be "used up" in her family.

"Sept 14. 1833. You are hereby informed that the newspaper which you direct to be sent for Israel Campbell is not yet to us you will please in discontinue the same for if you do you will pay no money for it.

Yourse dear. Mary Hampton,
Lady's pasture."

The election on Tuesday last, resulted, in the city, in the success of the opposition, Democratic and National Republican ticket, by a small majority: in the county, in the success of the Jackson nominations, by a vote of several hundreds. We publish the returns in another column. In the city both parties were active, and the contest was conducted with unusual spirit and energy. The vote of the successful party is smaller than that of last year, and that of the Jackson party larger. This is accounted for by the circumstance that Mr. M'Henry Ward, the result, it is probable, would have been different. A number of partizans, deceived by particular circumstances, were absent from the scene of the opening of the polls, and presented an effectual bar to many peaceable voters. In consequence, the number of votes polled is small.

At the several polls in the county, good order was generally preserved. The number of votes polled is about 1000 less than the number polled last year.

Threatrials.—The Arch and Chestnut street theatres have commenced operations, with an unwonted number of attractions, and the managers are being handsomely rewarded for their expenditures in the way of excellent audiences. Mr. Forrest, at the Arch street house, the extraordinary drains of Mexique has drawn and continues to draw large and delighting audiences. Mr. Mead, a comedian of excellent merit, the Weeks are singing in opera, to the delight of overflowing assemblies. Mr. Wood,—formerly the lady of Lord Lennox,—possesses a form more than usually graceful, and a voice of peculiar sweetness and flexibility. Her husband gives a song with a vivacity and spirit, well suited to the character. The accomplished strangers are likely to continue favorites.

The *Franklin Institute* was re-opened by a full and brilliant meeting on Thursday and Friday of last week. The best discretion has been every where manifested in the arrangement of the various articles, and the general effect is splendid in the extreme. We find it impossible to gather from our memoranda after a late visit, one half of their valuable list. We can do no more than notice and enumerate. In truth, the Institute is a scene of exhilarating confusion. The pianos are continually sounding, by the ladies and the pianos are continually sounding, by the ladies and while they are delighted by the products of industrious art, the ear is regaled with rich, though fitful music. The organ of Mr. Geib, the useful piano manufacturer, the Weiss are singing in opera, to the delight of overflowing assemblies. Mr. Wood,—formerly the lady of Lord Lennox,—possesses a form more than usually graceful, and a voice of peculiar sweetness and flexibility. Her husband gives a song with a vivacity and spirit, well suited to the character. The accomplished strangers are likely to continue favorites.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

We have been favoured by Carter, Hendee & Co. of Boston, with several new school books, well adapted, by their excellence, to promote the cause of education.

The title of the first is *Peter Parley's Arithmetic*, a work which, like all Parley's productions, has the merit of being exceedingly popular with children. The Arithmetic is prepared in the plainest style, and in a manner well calculated to interest and lead on the youthful learner. The book is ornamented with cuts, which form the subjects upon which arithmetical operations are propounded.

Bailey's First Lessons in Algebra, is designed as a treatise on the science, for the use of beginners, in common schools. The design of the author has been to simplify the science, and render it more interesting to the young student, and without pretending to new discoveries, or original investigations, he believes he has accomplished his object. The work is well executed, and we doubt not, will be a valuable addition to our already large stock of school books.

Philosophical Conversations, by E. E. Bakewell, with notes and questions for review, by Ebenezer Bailey, is the title of another work by the same publishers. This is also a book for children, designed, by familiar examples, to explain some of the most common and interesting phenomena of nature. The style is adapted to instruct the juvenile mind in important truths and sacred principles of philosophy. The work has been highly commended by many competent judges.

The same publishers have now in press, several other works designed for the use of schools, among which are *Hedrick's Introductory Arithmetic*, and also *Sawyer's Cut Copy Book; Three books of History*, by Parley; *Bertram's Natural and Written Arithmetic, &c. &c.* Also, a *Gazetteer of the United States*, by T. Bigelow, to be published quarterly, until completed.

In noticing, some weeks since, the beautiful and interesting volume entitled Waverly Anecdotes, we intended to remark upon the fact, that the first and most remarkable progress of the Talitinian in civilization. One of the most curious and interesting portions of the work, is that which relates to the progress and spread by Poware, the King, and printed in compliance with his request, as the missionary press. The character and language of which was invented by Mr. Ellis, will surely repay an attentive perusal.

Latimer & Co., Booksellers, No. 13 South Fourth street, have for sale, the *Memoirs of Zerah Colburn*, the wonderful calculating prodigy, whose powers have been the means so much to astonish the learned in Europe. The book is written by Colburn himself, who is now, we have seen it stated in the public prints, engaged in the study of the Greek language. Colburn He tells his story modestly, and with an evident not strut regard for truth. A condensed sketch of his life will be found in the work of our readers.

Zerah Colburn was born at Cabot, Vt. on the 1st of September, 1804, of poor but respectable parents. He was deprived of the benefits of early education; and the development of his singular faculty of computation seems to have been altogether accidental. It appears that the mental powers of the boy, at the beginning of August, 1810, when about one month under six years of age, were as dormant as the latent powers employed at a joiner's work bench, Zerah was on the floor, playing in the chips; suddenly he began to say to himself, "a hundred and twenty-one times 8 is 968." His father's attention being attracted by hearing this, as unexpected in a child so young, and who had hitherto given no indication of extraordinary powers, he made several attempts at the district school, that summer, he left his work, and turning to him, began to examine him upon the multiplication table. In this brief interval, that Zerah had learnt that from the shoulder boys, but finding himself unable to proceed with the sum, he was deeply fixed and he asked the product of 13×97 to which 1261 was instantly given in answer. He now left the school, and the mental labor which had already taken place, indeed he has often said he would not have been more surprised, if some one had risen up out of the earth and stood before him.

As his extraordinary capacity began to increase, it's fame spread proportionably—his father was led to the notice of colleges, and distinguished men every where, —his reputation had extended to Europe; and to that country he was taken by his father, and there, under various auspices, towards a good field for the exhibition of a living miracle, of whose relationship to him he naturally felt no little solicitude. Zerah's progress was rapid towards the country, and encountering shipwreck between Norfolk and Richmond, they embarked at Boston, for Liverpool, in the ship Britannia, which wrecked London about the middle of May. Here they were patronised and courted by the great—the learned and scientific were all anxious and entitled to realize much pecuniary recompense.* In the meantime, Zerah was indulging in his correct mathematical demonstrations, and the Council of the nation appointed the titled and the wise. The father and son visited the principal towns in Ireland and Scotland, with success commensurate with their expectations, and at the Westminster school,—found a noble friend in Lord Brisbane, returned to Paris, where he passed eighteen months, received the highest attentions, an entire "surrend" to about the British realms for a time, and finally, on the death of his father, was induced to embark, alone and friendless, again upon the ship Euphrates, for his native land, after having been about twelve years and three months. The greater part of this time he spent in England.

From that part of the volume which describes the author's return to his native land, we extract the following interesting passages. They detail an event of strict and solemn truth. Awful, indeed, are the visitations of Providence, which sometimes brings to light the hidden things of darkness and guilt.

"In the beginning of 1815, a circumstance took place that excited much interest in Paris. A surgeon in the army, named Dautun, was arrested at a gambling house, in the Palais Royal, by the command of a near on his wrist. Some time previous, the officers of the Royal Guard had been passing on their rounds, in the different parts of the city, four parcels tied up. One contained the head, another the trunk, a third the thighs, and a fourth the legs and arms of a man. In the trunk, tightly compressed, was a piece of bunting cloth, apparently torn out in the dying struggle. The parts were collected, and put together in their proper order and exhibited for a number of days at the Morgue, in Paris, anyone which invited the body to come and see the subject. When it became apparent to keep the body longer, a coroner's inquest was held over the body for the purpose of witnessing the murdered victim, and that terminated in the committal of Dautun for trial. The circumstance which happened to be engaged in gambling at the Palais Royal by the officers called him to trial, and publishing the bill, point out in a very rational mode, the manner in which the murder was committed. It was somewhat nasty, when it came out in evidence, that the dying man was cut at the waiter. It was shewn, that the dying man was cut into a thousand pieces, and that the cut was made with the cuff of his coat. The spectators gathered around, and the dying man was followed—

Dautun, in short, to settle the matter in the only safe and amicable manner, it can now be disposed of, by agreeing to pay the sum demanded, and accordingly, on the 5th of Sept. the Daily Advertiser gives this summary of news.

The London packet had arrived there, bringing down to the 16th July, at which time the Bill for the abolition of Slavery in the Colonies was progressing in the House of Commons. The Bill, together with the Emancipation Bill, was to be considered by the Jamaica papers for several days. The Jamaica papers are much displeased with both bills, and have published the

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

THE TWO MONKEYS.

A FABLE.

The learned, full of inward pride,
The Ergo of outward show deride:
The Fox, with learning in defiance,
Scoffs at the potato, and the science:
The Ass, a formal, solemn creature,
Despises Monsieur's airs and feature;
While Monsieur mocks the grave and cool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.
Britain, a medley of its sons,
As port as Frenzy, as grave as Spain:
A hasty word shall raise my spleen,
Laugh at them both, or both be cool.
I was the poet's closing theme,
Censur'd by all the sons of prose!
While hints of quick emigration
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Who laugh at eyes, who sneer at noses!
For what are we, but Apes to them!

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No cause had a scarce or hair,
They lov'd their way through dragg'led tails,
We ought to catch Jack Pudding's jokes:
Then took their tickets for the show,
Were let in, and admir'd the company.
'Tis my dear grave, observing pate,
Provok'd a laugh throughout the place.

Brother, says Pug, and now it his head,
The rabble's notoriously ill bred.

Now through the booth these Monkeys ran:
Nor sadled till the show began.
The number strode the stage around,
With someone to shadow the ground!
The seed bestrid the dancing springs;
Aloft in air the watcher swings;
Distorted now, now prone depended,
Now through his twisted arms ascended:
The crowd, in wonder and applause,
With clapping hands applaud the fight.

With smiles, quoth Pug, if pranks like these
The giant dance of mazes please,
How would they wonder at our arts;
They must adore us for our parts!
High on the rope I've sent you cling;
Yes, your tail into it any string;
How can those clumsy things like me,
Try such a height from you to be?
But yet, by this applause, we find
Those rustics less of our kind
Esteem our worth, our parts regard,
Who not mean minion than ye and.

Brother, the grinning man replies,
In this I grant that Man is wise.
Who good consults their private gain
Was most allow some praise is due:
But when their senses perfect ordinarily please,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride.
For how dissimilar is the sight,
To most men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I have the running over.

GAY.

"May I be married, sir?" said a pretty brunette of sixteen to her mother. "What kind of a man would you find for?" returned her mother. "Why, sir, you know that the children have never had any baby married, and I thought it might please 'em."—*Lowell Mercury.*

PRAYER REVISED.—We once heard a gentleman speaking to a friend, of a man who had injured him. "But," said he, "I won't go angry, for if I should," "I suppose," said his friend, "you would chastise him." "No," replied the first, "but I would let him alone."

ANSWERED.—"Friend Phillips," said Elijah Tate, a celebrated Quaker Lawyer, of Philadelphia, one day, "thee knows almost every thing—please tell me how am I to preserve my small beer in the back yard?" my neighbors are often tapping it of a night." "Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it," replied the Dr. "for then no one will think of touching the small beer."

HOLY WATER.—A very good story is related by Lambert in his travels, respecting the efficacy of holy water.

"A friend of mine (says he) was once present at the house of a French lady in Canada, when a violent thunder storm commenced. The windows were immediately closed and the room darkened. The lady of the house, on rising from her seat, took a vase of holy water from a stand, began to sprinkle it about the room, and to repeat some prayers. Being asked the reason of this ceremony, she replied, by a sudden flash of lightning, she fortunately found, as it had not touched, and its contents immediately sprinkled over the ladies and gentlemen present, it was only a flash from heaven, and indeed a considerable time, she thought, elapsed before the flash could be transformed into a peal of thunder or flash of lightning. At length the storm ceased, and the party were relieved from their fears in its effects, which the good lady ascribed solely to the supernatural virtue of the holy water she had sprinkled about the room. She added, that the light admitted, the whole company found, to their great joy, that the lightning had only struck the hammock, their own, unanimous, and therefore that instead of holy, it was the devil, the lightning had struck with such fury."

VERY STRANGE.—A short time since a young lad not very remarkable for his intelligence, was called up in a Sunday School, on examination took place to know if he knew the Lord's Prayer. He answered that he were asked him, when the Catechist enquired "who first set the table?" "Why, sir," replied the little simpleton, "I don't know—but guess 'twas our Ma's, for she says grace before she sits down."

A German priest walking in procession at the head of his parishioners, over cultivated fields in order to receive a blessing on their harvest, was asked by a citizen to those of an impressing appearance, would passers, observing the priest's attitude, if it were nothing: one none here earnest?" [A wise priest.]

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a cross-grained man satisfied to a vote? Because he is not reluctified.

Why is black like a miller's bag? Because he is a fix.

Why is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland like a man writing what o'clock it is? Because he is as long as he is.

Why is a peach-stone like an army? Because it contains a kernel (Colonel.)

Why is a prisoner like a cock? Because he has a liberty to crow.

Why is a dry Duffer in Newgate, like a traveller who has caught a mountain hare? Because he has a settler for lying in damp sheets.

A lady who had been just three days married perceiving her husband asleep, and supposing him dead, and gave him a kiss; the husband was angry, and said she offended against decency. "Pardon me, exclaimed she, I did not know it was you.

NEW.—An officer asked him one day (says the Memoirs just published) if he had ever been under fire, assuming up in a simple word that profound indifference or stupidity, that belongs to the highest degree of scorn of mind, and that seems labor so necessary to a gentleman—upon the field of battle. "I have seen as bad ones," was the Marshal's reply.

"The indifference" of the latter did not prevent him from assuring in others those slight shades of weakness from which very few men are entirely exempt. An officer was one day making a report to him; a common ball passed so close to the side of his head, but he bent as if by instinct to avoid it nevertheless, he continued his report without suffering any emotion. "Very well," said the Marshal; "but another time don't make so low a bow."

BULWER'S EPIGRAM.—Bently is to the lad of Bulwer to trifle with the tender passion as he does. In his last work the dalliance of love and gallantry are carried on and cut off by the lower orders in the following manner, which we think extremely appropriate:—

Bob courted Molly for some time,
But finding others on the same prime,
And faithless Bobby left poor Mary
To surrender to more fortunate;
And all her scanted smiles refusing,
He went prospecting to Sir Thomas.
"Oh, wretch! cried Molly with angry look;
And left him for the Knight of Kent.
"No, (Bobby quoted,) Well, thou'rt mistaken,
'Tis 'Tom for Sixty and then for Arden.'

BUTTER IS HIGH.—Mistress, have you ever a pelin last bat? Yes Sir. "I used to play pitch-farthing, and what will ye sell the shillings?" Just the lings? but that bean't my name Sir. I could not see for four and sixpence a white sweet?" O well, wait a while, till somebody will come to take up the price. "Then I'll be off, for I'm not the fool or the head of one the whole town." Stop, stop, Sir—as that matter of we will be cleared—it'll take the last more than a shilling any where else.

BOX SEE OF 98. SIZE.—A few days since, some members of the banking set were discussing the propriety of assuming the new dress of the day, which prevailed in the city, on the plain of the London Lea, or "Wild Ducks," commonly called "Box see of 98." "Why," said one, "I'll be d—d if I'll go rough-rag—you may do as you like—but you can't call me a Bandit, for my word for it, you'll soon be cried *to—three it up.*"

SINGAN.

It was on a steamboat, coming from New York to New Yorn, and asked him for a dime;
Drink me, sir, says he, I'm a poor man dying,
Drink me, sir, says he, I'm a poor man dying,
Lastly, I want a dime myself.
So now, you see, I had a worthy Singan,
Three "Scruples" always make a "dram."

AS OLD STORY.—A clergyman called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly bemoaning the loss of an only son, a boy about four years old. In the hope of assuaging the afflicted woman, he remarked to her, that now as a young child was removed any previous sin; and that no doubt the child was gone to heaven. "Ah, Sir," said the simple hearted creature, "but Tommy was so sly, and they are all strangers there."—*Athenæum.*

A REVOLUTIONARY EPISODE.—It is well known that about the time of Burgoyne's threatened invasion of this State, commissioners were appointed by Congress to proceed to our northern armies to give aid and counsel to the commanding officers, and to inspire the militia with the determination of resistance. If we mistake not Mr. Duane, the father of President Duane and Governor Morris were the commissioners. On their return from the north, after having fulfilled their duties, they stopped in our city and spent a few days with the inhabitants, who gave them every attention and amidst the glasses which surrounded them.

It happened one day, as Mr. Duane was proceeding down South Market st. that when he reached the corner where the Old City Hall now stands, a general spectacle presented itself to his notice. A party of fishermen had just hauled their seine to land, and a scene shook which they had enjoyed in the river. A variety of apple presented themselves, and the most sluggish sight, one never before or since noticed in the Hudson River at that distance from the sea. It was agreed by the assembly, Mr. Duane among the rest, on the corner building, and immediately commenced a spirited harangue to the crowd, on the cause in which they now had before their eyes. "This shore, an hour since, had not one peaceful resource, but an emblem of the enemy who approaches you. But here in this river, which flows by your doors, there is his real body advances. His course will follow his expedition, as it now does the fish, and if you will see him with your own eyes, but only as your protectors, you will be ready to say, 'Come on, we receive.'

It is said that this comparison was well received, and produced a happy change in the feelings of all present. It was the subject of a great struggle of the fate of Burgoyne.—*Albany Adv.*

LOVE OF HONOR BY SATIRE.—We were surrounded by a large fire in the Bowery, and the engine was called to go to their present one of our party took his flute out of his pocket, and began to play the air of Tom Cordon—for as we remember the show will no cognize their patron." Upon the first note of the organ, which were following each other towards the fire, the music and the crowd began to move, and by the time whole shabby, concerned, whistled, swore, and pulled the hair, the whole crowd, which we have left by them, began to march, but others still refused to stir. At last the music ceased, and we were left to our Orpheus to cease his magical sounds. The stage then moved on, and the crowd, which we have left to others as our forest remained his instrument.—*Vie de Haydn par Carpani.*

HOW TO ADVISE THE NATIVES.—The fine Steam Boat that ascended Red River, was sailed the Western Engineer, was built at Wheeling, with Engine. This vessel, belonging to the Government, was destined for the Missouri, and was about to set out on a voyage of exploration. The funnel intended to carry off the smoke, was originally made in the form right like a large pillar, in the centre of the boat, was an enormous thing. When it came to be put on the vessel, which was fashioned so as to resemble the head of an enormous bird.

When the red sons of the forest beheld the singular looking object rapidly advancing against a powerful current, without the assistance of sails or oars, beating who was in its bosom, and vomiting from its mouth fire and smoke, the simple, but awe-struck assembled around the mighty stranger, and declared that would never again take to the hatchet against the white men, who could control and compel such a mighty object to their own purposes, as all the Indians in creation!

Among the feats of wit and wisdom, cracked at the late Horticultural Dinner, in Boston, we select the following. They are excellent. They grow more good things of this sort in New England, and more of other parts of the Union. The natural soil of that region must be clayish and sandy, and the whole globe is rich and happy.

"Passive Resolutions, planted in a hot house, propagated by *artificial heat*, and matured by *forced* growth, under powerful rays of the sun. Specimens of *division may not change it into a* "Tremella satin," or the "*Salmo clarkii*."

Cities seekers for office seats. Parasitic plants, which cannot flourish without the support of others.

Tintern inn pioneer a Tyke, sometimes very cheap. *Tintern* inn pioneer a Tyke, sometimes very cheap.

The Veterans of '76. A few ton of the *Elder.*

Indian corn. Corn which is the favorite food of the aborigines.

Ireland, the land of the Patate. The root is finely cultivated, and forms a large item in the exports of that country.

If an Irishman is not allowed to eat his Potatoes in peace at home, it is a wonder that he is not permitted abroad?

Women—sacred herbs. In the summer of our existence, sometimes as the Rosemary in the nosegay, grateful to the smell, and sometimes as the Nettle in the Sage—May the seasoning of domestic life never be embittered by the latter.

Lady Jane, the wife of the first baronet, Sir John, ancestor of Viscount Gage, when first a widow was married to Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the great seal, and mother of Sir Francis Bacon, and by her three husbands the Baroness Twenford, the Lady Bacon, and the Lady Gage, she was a step mother and (I suppose a quadruple) and was respecting her three husbands, that she was a step mother to seven children. It pleases to the first that should be the aggressor, which, as she had destroyed the peace of the family by their hopes against their sons, called their resentments against the step mother. The second that she was a step mother, they would keep the peace and have patience, she would have the children to be reasonable, arguably enough did happen.—*Sharpe's Peerage.*

IN HEAD STREET, AND BATTERSEA.—King Charles II. was so deeply engrossed and in the midst of the grand daughter of Walter, first Lord Blount—"In the house of Sir Walter Blount, one of the gentlemen of her bedchamber, a fire broke out in the night, and her she meditated a divorce from his queen, and to prize her to the throne, and the queen's apartments she accepted the honourable proposals of his kinsman, Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton, and the duke of that family, and was married privately, 1667, to the great wrath of her royal husband, which burst out on the chancellor's head, whom he suddenly supposed to have encouraged the match. Lady Shelton was the gold medal by Philip Rotier, struck by order of the monarch, from a picture of her by Lely. The piece is said to be the origin of the figure of Britannia on the copper coinage of the reign of George II. in the ninety years, and died 1793, bequeathing considerable property, with the seat of Lawton lane to her great nephew, Alexander, son of Blount.—*Sharpe's Peerage.*

A RING.

Cold, cruel stiff, you tell me why,
You're made in such a manner?
'Tis nothing terrible or frightful,
But warm, sweet, innocent, delightful,
Pray what am I?
You doubt? Well, try me—there, there, there.

SPEAKING GRAMMAR.—A poor Irishman passing through a village near Chester, was asked by one of the gentlemen with whom his inquiry was the nearest road to Chester. "Why, your honor, you are in the barrier." He replied he, "I'll soup to see that, for to carry them I am going."

GENERAL WAYNE.—The winds of some men are so elevated above the common understanding of their fellowmen, and seem such monsters of wisdom, that they are looked upon with wonder. When General Wayne was appointed to the command of the army, some one observed that the General was small: "Oh, yes," said a wag, "he is small potatoes and few in a hill." "Then I wish he would for some other of my generals."

WOMAN FLAGGED.—*A Rational Reason for Marrying.*—Lord Chesterfield, who was not a friend to matrimony, was asked by a friend, "Why, my lord, you have a great many children, and yet you are not married?" "Why, sir," replied his lordship, "I am not married because I have a great many children."

WATERFALL OF SIX FEET.—The falls of Genesee, in North Carolina, on the western route of the Mississippi river, are of considerable depth, being no less than 221 feet. They are, so far as history or travels have informed us, the highest falls in the whole world. The Falls of Niagara, in the state of New York, are 160 feet.

A gentleman, stopping one evening at an inn, in the north of England, said to the maid-servant who was showing him to bed, that he seemed newly entertained with the hanging dishes of pewter. "Yes, sir," said she, "we keep the dishes, you see, that you may find what you get next morning." "Indeed, (answered he,) I should have thought that, down at night, I am too sleepy, and as soon as I have had my supper, I shall go to bed, and get up early." "Ay, sir," replied she, "but I have no enjoyment in my bed at all."

THE PRODIGALITY OF MACHINERY SUPERSEDING HUMAN LABOUR.—The new machinery for making pins, when the powder, emphatically so called, and which is the latest has been completed, and is in full work. It is so powerful, and so ingenious, that it will be the work of a single man, and will produce 60,000 pins in a day. The machinery is constructed so as to perform nearly all the processes required in them, so that the pins will be ushed by the same means. Neither are these pins to be made of brass, as hitherto, but of a fabrication of the simplest substances on which the metal is made—that is to say, they are made of iron, and are tinned over. Their cheapness and excellence, as to correct, is extreme, they can be carried without the slightest risk of rust, and will last for ever. The saving of property of ordinary pins must be more extraordinary, as they will last nearly to infinity. Many shops will be done—and done extensively and resolutely. Like every other machine known in the social arrangement of England, it is to be feared that the prodigality of machinery will produce misfortune by the sudden total of any persons and particular sorts, and in this case it will be the hand that supplies the pins, and the machine that manufactures them will be working twice.—*Gentleman's Magazine of Manufacturing Population.*

MARSHAL NEY.

Ney was frequently and severely wounded—a fact which gentlemen who storm redoubts by themselves are most likely to encounter. On another occasion he was taken prisoner.

"The French hussars had forced an Austrian column to lay down their arms, but were still stopped by a line of sharpshooters, who seems to disperse the latter, and drive them from the height which they occupied, and which presented a field-piece to effect this. The Blankastein hussars, perceiving this fine opportunity to take advantage of it, and returned to the charge, supported by the cuirassiers. The troops of Ney advanced on both sides, fought round the gun, and both parties struggled for it as the prize to be won. The gunners were cut down, and numbers of the Austrians very superior; but Ney succeeded in the charge by a new attack, and the enemy's ranks were broken. The French were now in hopes that they would be able to return to the attack, and were congratulating themselves on their success, when fresh squadrons hastened to the assistance of the Austrians. The republicans were now broken in their turn, and it was in vain that Ney and his officers endeavored to rally his forces along. His horse fell, and rolled with him on the ground. He was much stunned with bruises and blood; and, to complete his disaster, his sword broke short in his hand. The enemy surrounded him, and he had no further hope of escape. He resisted, nevertheless; for he was determined never to be taken a prisoner. Seeing a fresh charge, and his was anxious to give them time to come to his assistance, he called out to them to surrender. His sword, struck, parried, and kept in check the enemy, while Ney was getting up; but his struggles could not last long—the ground was slippery, and he fell down again, by which means all the Austrians succeeded in seizing him. He was thus made prisoner, and conveyed to Gussenz. He fared on the road with the rest of his unfortunate brethren, and every one was eager to behold a man whose name had become celebrated. They soon, more particularly, could not imagine how he had been able to resist so long against the Austrians, with some appearance of success. As they were passing the French squadrons drawn up in the street, many fair admirers of courage begged that he might be led through the public square. He was led through it. A drummer-boy, who was at their impromptu, "one would suppose that he had a great mind to eat him alive!" "Have no ordinary, indeed!" replied one of the ladies, "he looks as if he could swallow a whole army!" Ney exclaimed against the awkwardness of the rider, and the ignorance of the boy about the world. The animal seemed weak, lazy, and obstinate; and Ney was not a quiet enough to ride it. He